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A DEAD TRADE.

The Raising of Leeches Is No Longer Profitable.

When the Old-Fashioned Remedy of Bleeding Was in Vogue the Squirring Things Were in Great Demand—How They Were Produced.

In the palmy days of leeching, when "bleed him" was the advice of every physician upon the slightest provocation, a French peasant who had managed with difficulty to pay three hundred francs per year for some poor marsh land sowed the land down in leeches and became a millionaire by renting it at twenty-five thousand francs per year. A noble Irish landlord who rented forty acres of meadow to some French leech farmers was interested and astonished to see how they went about their business. Having fenced and watered the meadow, they proceeded to sow it with leeches, put on broadcast, like the old fashion of sowing wheat, from sacks containing fifteen thousand leeches each. The leech farmer must give his crop plenty of water and plenty of blood. One method of managing the latter, according to the New York Sun, is to drive cattle into the water where the leeches are breeding. Another is to turn in fresh blood from a slaughter-house. A Parisian capitalist affirmed that his leech crop returned him fifteen for one, and it is a matter of record that the monopoly of taking leeches in Morocco was once sold for seventy thousand dollars.

The usefulness of the leech has declined since those days, as bleeding has somewhat gone out of fashion. When the trade was at its briskest the natural production of leeches in France and in several other European countries was exhausted, so that leech farming became a necessity. Leeches then began to be brought from eastern Europe, from Sweden, and even from Australia. The African leech, too, came to be greatly prized. He is a beautiful green and black creature, and as thirsty a devil as ever set tooth in human flesh. The Australian leeches were taken in enormous numbers from the rivers of that continent. The method of catching them was and is to throw a freshly removed sheep-skin into the water where they live. When the skin is taken out the leeches are found clinging to it by hundreds. A Himalayan traveler found that in western India it was possible to catch land leeches without any such bait. In fact he found that the creatures clung to him by hundreds and even got into his hair. The wounds were five months in healing and the scars were permanent. A single company in Australia used to export to England and America from two million to three million leeches per year, not a specially large exportation when it is remembered that France alone used to consume about thirty million per year. In Ceylon the secret of growing leeches is carefully guarded, but an English surgeon got at it and saved the army heaps of money by growing his own leeches.

It has not been found necessary to cultivate leeches in the United States. They are especially plentiful here and those of Pennsylvania were once esteemed the best. When the tradition of bleeding was still in full force Philadelphia physicians used Pennsylvania leeches, while the physicians of New York and Boston preferred the imported varieties. As a matter of fact the European leech is a hungrier fellow than our own native leech. It is thought necessary to apply six of the latter for every fluid ounce of blood that the physician desires to draw, while one really effective European leech will draw from half an ounce to an ounce of blood all alone. The leech still holds his place in the materia medica, but he is a much less important life-saving agency than he once was. Several devices were invented to take the place of the leech before the doctors quit the business of bleeding at every turn. Now it is a rare thing to see a bottle of leeches in a doctor's office, and they are seldom called for at the drugstore. As to the barbers, none of them dares justify the red streak in his pole by applying the leech to the emphysematous face of a full-blooded customer, lest the laws come down upon him for practicing surgery without a license. With the decrease in the demand for leeches they have fallen in price, and it is doubtful whether Farmer Grasso should not be thankful that his leeches were thrown overboard from the steamer that carried them, as the loss may have saved him from embarking in an unprofitable occupation.

A River's Queer Name.
In the Philadelphia Ledger a Colorado lady tells how the Picket Wire river in that state derived its name. Years ago, when first the gold fever drove men wild, a party of Mexicans made their way up the stream in quest of the precious metal. Months passed, and when the little band did not return their friends mourned them as dead and called the river "El Rio de los Animas Perdidas" (the river of the Lost Souls). Soon a French colony made its home on the banks of the stream, whose name was freely translated into "Le Purgatoire." Then came the American cowboy. He saw the river, heard its name, and, translating (?) it into his own tongue, dubbed it "Picket Wire river."

BARBERS OF THE FEMALE SEX.

They Are Not the Great Success Which They Ought to Be.

The editor of this journal, says the National Barber, is not a woman hater, but he hates to see her out of her sphere.

It was in Chicago that I noticed a tonsorial establishment presided over by a woman. I had been shaved that morning by a barber, but couldn't resist the chance of patronizing a she barber, so I dropped into the shop.

"Want a hair cut, sir?" she interrogated, after looking at my smoothly shaven face.

"I want them all cut," I responded.

"If I only wanted one hair cut I could have cut it myself. But I want a shave first."

Thoughtfully the girl passed her hand across my face after I had seated myself in the chair. "You've been shaved once to-day," she remarked.

"Yes, I always get shaved twice a day—or I mean that this shave is for a brother of mine," I stammered, rather at a loss for a good lie. The young lady said nothing more, but, after tucking the towel around my neck in a manner that sent the hot flashes and colds down my back, proceeded to lather me in a preoccupied manner.

"It's a—when?" pleasant morning I was about to say, but as I opened my mouth to let the words out the lather brush went in; hence the change in sentiment.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, sweetly. "Cert—ow! Look out! That's my eye!" This remark was occasioned by the newly loaded brush landing in my left eye as the young charmer leaned forward to look out of the window at a passing policeman.

I shall never forget that shave. Probably it had never occurred to that girl to have her razors honed, and all through the massage I winced and squirmed. I was too proud to cry or even expostulate. When she asked me if the razor "took hold," I hinted at my torture by replying that it not only took, but refused to let go. All my golden anticipations of the touch of the velvety fingers and so on were nipped in the bud. I omitted the hair cut, and after she had brushed my hair in a most unorthodox manner, combing it straight back from my massive brow, she pompadoured, and down over my ears in the Chicago renaissance style, I escaped. I am not a woman-hater, but I hate to see her out of her sphere.

WOMEN STUDENTS IN PARIS.

They Are Not the Great Success Which They Ought to Be.

The treatment of women students by their masculine rivals at the Sorbonne in Paris helps to confirm the suspicion that the proverbial French gallantry is only a thin veneer. During M. Larroumet's recent lectures on French literature the men students asserted their superiority of mind by singing songs offensive to the women and by imitating the clucking of hens. This was followed by shouts of "No women!"

Larroumet was obliged to withdraw. The lectures dealt with the first half of the present century and in that fact the men students found another weapon with which to rout the women. They intimated that the professor's subject was fertile in suggestions for additional coquetry—that had it been more serious the fair devotees would never have thought of leaving their presence.

In the face of the fact that the honor roll of French literature contains many names of illustrious women who have made solid additions to the literature of the country it seems impossible for the average Frenchman to take his women seriously. To him their actions are like dramas directed towards one extreme end—that of capriciousness. Even the glance of a grandmother is an ogle aimed at the sentimental side of his nature.

In the meantime the women students are not routed. They continue to pursue their studies and attend to their lectures in spite of such delicate protests from the chivalry of young France.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

Queer Strike of Operatives in a Peculiar Parisian Industry.

"One of the queerest strikes that have ever taken place here," says a late Paris letter, "is that of the so-called Machabees, or fishers for dead bodies, who ply their trade on the Seine, between the Billancourt bridge and the Auteuil viaduct. The reason why they have struck is because of the slowness with which their money premiums are paid. Father Joseph, the senior member of the guild, has been fishing for Machabees for the past twenty-five years, but he is now idle with his companions, as he has not been paid for the last batch of corpses sent to the morgue, and for which the government is indebted to him to the extent of fifteen francs apiece. Last year the trade was bad, but this year the morgue has been literally overflowing with bodies taken out of the river, and in one day alone Father Joseph fished out no less than five. Not having received his money he has, with his companions, laid down his ropes and grappling-irons and moored his boat to the wall until the officials whose duty it is to remunerate him see their way to organize more expedition in their pay department."

JUST TO PASS AWAY THE TIME.

A Young Nebraska Who Chose the Wrong Auditor to His Lament.

"I was traveling from Chicago to Denver several weeks ago," remarked a young Nebraska to a New York Herald man, "when there came into the car and sat beside me a sanctimonious individual whom I thought looked particularly glib. He was dressed in gray and was evidently—so, at least, I thought—some itinerant clergyman. Well, I was feeling pretty good, so I told him some of my western tales. He was very courteous, and listened to my theobromathical and Indian stories with evident interest. That he believed every word I uttered I doubt for one moment—entirely a doubt. He finally asked me where I lived, and I, selecting a town in Idaho at random, replied that my home was at Arrowville; that I was born there, in fact. I had but just returned, I told him, from a German university, where I had taken a course in mining engineering. He appeared very much interested and I went on to tell him more about myself. My father, I continued, had settled in Arrowville early in the '50s, had stolen a young Indian away after killing her buck, had married her and I was the result of the union.

"You hardly appear to have had an Indian mother," he remarked, glancing at my hair and light complexion.

"I don't know," I replied, "but I am sure that my mother was an Indian. I can't tell you where she was, but I am sure she was an Indian. He really said the same thing, or rather he would have said it if I had not told him that my father was a German."

"My companion looked me over carefully," he continued, "why, there's the town of Shasta, right near Arrowville. It was raided by the Indians four years ago. They had an awful fight over there, I assure you. My father alone killed a half-dozen of the painted devils with his trusty rifle. A great town is Shasta. Bound to be a metropolis some day. There's an English syndicate going to invest several millions of dollars in land in that vicinity." Here, continued the speaker, "my friend in gray looked out of the window and an amused smile stole over his features. Finally turning toward me and looking me square in the eyes, he remarked:

"It is very strange, young man, that I have never heard of any of these things before. I have lived in Arrowville, Idaho, for the last fifteen years. I am the mayor of the town."

"I was the worst broke-up man you ever saw. Take my advice; never judge a man by his appearance—at least not on a railroad train."

PEOPLE OF MIGHTY MUSCLE.

Men and Women Who Have Lifted Great Weights in Various Ways.

George Soptman, of Philadelphia, lifted 3,300 pounds of iron. The modern Hercules raised that enormous weight, says the Brooklyn Eagle, and, with his load, took a walk around the hall where he was exhibiting his powers. He stands six feet four and one-half inches in his stockings, measures fifty inches round his chest and weighs two hundred and seventy-three pounds, scarcely an ounce of which is superfluous flesh. In 1741, a man living in England, called Thomas Topham, raised at Derby three casks filled with water, the total weight of the three being one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three pounds. A stage he erected for him, and on this stage he accomplished what has long been considered an unparalleled feat of strength. Topham lifted, with his back and held out for a long time a wooden table six feet long, with a hundred weight attached to one extremity. On one occasion he took a kitchen spit and leapt around a hostler's neck like a handkerchief. A German named Bucholz, lifted with his teeth a cannon weighing about two hundred pounds and fired it off in that position. Mme. Gobert, who appeared first before the public at St. Bartholomew's fair, London, in 1818, was a strong woman. She carried weights equal to two thousand and sixteen pounds; lifted with her teeth a heavy table on which several persons were seated; supported an anvil weighing four hundred pounds on her chest while a blacksmith forged a horseshoe upon it, and afterwards held her long hair round the anvil and swung it about her.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

The Hawaiian group of islands are the most isolated bits of land upon the globe. They are two thousand miles from the mainland and eighteen hundred and sixty miles from any other land worth calling such. They are not bits which once formed part of some larger piece of land, as were subsequently isolated by volcanic changes. They are of volcanic origin, having at some period been thrown up from the bottom of the sea. One consequence is that they have a flora almost peculiar to themselves. A large proportion of the native plants are found nowhere else.

Blondes as Musicians.

A New York phenologist says blonde constitutions are favorable to musical sentiment and the thin skinned, light or Auburn haired individuals are nearly always impulsive, imaginative, poetical and talented in the direction of art rather than science.

BRIDGING THE COLUMBIA.

A Great Engineering Feat in the Far Northwest.

The recent completion of the great cantilever bridge over the Columbia river at Rock Island, Wash., marks the accomplishment of the greatest feat of railroad engineering in the west. The Columbia at Wauatchee, where the big bridge is being built, is between 800 and 1,000 yards in width and from 12 to 200 feet deep at low water. Its channel, according to the Seattle Herald, is worn deep below the general surface of the valley, and, though the annual June rise is 35 to 60 feet, it never overflows. After many surveys and measurements the company decided to build a bridge high enough not to interfere with navigation rather than a drawbridge at a shallower point and support the same on piers.

At the point selected for crossing, a basaltic butte rises 500 feet above the valley. The butte drops down to the river in shelf-like terraces, and on one of these shelves the western approach of the bridge rests.

On the opposite bank stands a similar butte, 200 feet above the water, and through this butte a roadway has been cut for the eastern approach. Two hundred and fifty feet from the east bank of the river is an island, or rather a huge rock, on which the only pier in the river is built. Between the rock and the west bank flows the main stream, which is 416 feet wide and 143 feet deep.

The whole bridge is 910 1/2 feet long, not counting the minor approaches, and is 120 feet above low water mark and 73 feet above extreme high water. The first span reaches from the bluff on the west side, 250 feet to a shelf above the water line. The second or main span reaches 410 1/2 feet above the main channel to the river. It weighs 825 tons and in the center is 75 feet from top to bottom of the structure. The third span extends from the island to the east bank. The entire bridge is built of steel and wrought iron.

A BRIDGE OF AGATE.

A Petrified Tree Spans a Chasm in Far Away Arizona.

A mining expert sent to investigate some Arizona properties for Denver capitalists recently returned and reports the finding of a most remarkable natural bridge formed by a tree of agatized wood spanning a canyon forty-five feet in width, says the Jeweler's Circular.

The tree had at some remote time fallen when it became imbedded in the slit of some great inland sea or mighty water overflow.

The slit became in time sandstone, and the wood gradually passed through the stages of mineralization until it is now a wonderful tree of solid agate.

In after years water washed and ate away the sandstone until a canyon forty-five feet in width has been formed. The flinty like substance of the agatized wood having resisted the erosion of the waterflow.

Fully fifty feet of the tree rests on one side and can be traced, but how far its other end lies buried in the sandstone cannot be determined without blasting away the rock.

The trunk visible above the canyon varies in size from four feet to three feet in diameter. Where the bark has been broken and torn away the characteristic colors of jasper and agate are seen. To the naked eye the wood is beautiful.

Under a microscope or miner's magnifying glass the brilliancy of the colorings are clearly brought out in all their wondrous beauty.

A Disastrous Mistake.
My grandfather had an old negro named Charles, writes a Texas correspondent. Though very old he could make the evenest of hills and the straightest of rows in the garden, which he kept as clean as a parlor.

"Uncle Charles, how can you get the hills all of the same size and so straight in the row?" asked the children.

"Wal," replied he, "when I sees whar I wants de hills I jes' puts my foot right dar; den I pulls de dirt up on it twell hit's kivered."

One day the children heard a scream in the garden. When they got there they found that Uncle Charles had cut his big toe nearly off. After it was dressed they asked him how the accident had happened.

"Blame dat toe, anyhow," exclaimed he, "wid hit's black back an' yaller bottom. De allus takin' it fur some kine uv a varmint. Jes' now I tort hit wuz er tarapin's head er peppin' out de hill, an' I blazed erway wid my hoe to chop it off."

ARISTOCRATIC DOGS.

A Surchin Pet with Paralysis and a Fifteen-Hundred-Dollar Invaluable Toy.

London women are better off than Chicagoans when their pets fall ill. There is a sanitarium for those invalid dogs who can afford the luxuries it offers, at Mitcham, down pretty Deddington lane. The princess of Wales sent there her tiny Japanese pug, delicate as all Japanese dogs are. The duchess of Newcastle's Pomeranian, who is a paralytic, is an inmate, and was wrapped up in a galvanic bandage. The duchess' famous hound, Borzoi Golub, was also in the hospital, although not suffering from so tragical a trouble. Another patient was the fox terrier Cracknel, for which three hundred pounds sterling was recently refused, and who is almost a perfect type of this extremely fashionable breed. Rita, a Pomeranian reared by Queen Victoria, was also under treatment, and so were some of the most celebrated St. Bernards in the world. Dogs of low degree were there too among the aristocrats who were all too ill to remember their lofty estate.

A veterinary surgeon to the queen, not to speak of the Kennel club and nearly all the other dog clubs of London, is at the head of the hospital staff and rarely loses a patient. The establishment includes wards for dogs who are merely delicate, accident wards, medical wards, and the particularly interesting maternity wards, where there are puppies in various stages, blind and stupid, or frisky and smart.

COWS AS MONEY.

A Race of People Who Have no Use for Treasure.

In the present publication of the Imperial Geographical Society of Russia is the surprising announcement that the Chuvashes—a race of seven thousand people—in the department of Tsimtsi, government of Tiflis, know nothing of the use of money as a medium of exchange. The unit of valuation among the primitive people is the cow. A horse is valued at three cows and a stallion at six. If a Chuvash becomes enraged and cracks his neighbor's skull he is obliged to pay sixteen cows. If he breaks a bone of his neighbor's arm five cows will rehabilitate him in the eyes of society. A wound in the forehead calls for three calves. If one cuts another in the part of the face usually covered by the beard the punishment is comparatively severe. The "doctor" places as many grains of wheat along the cut as possible. For each grain of wheat so used the criminal must give up a cow. Wounds in the beardless part of the face call for one-third as many cows only. The man who injures a neighbor's hand surrenders sixteen cows. Thirty cows even will pay for the loss of an eye. The people are said to be happy and contented. No misers exist among them.

TO GUIDE ICE PURCHASERS.

The Best-Looking Article May Be Most Unhealthful—Other Valuable Hints.

A medical authority says that, in view of a threatening plague, people cannot be too careful in the selection of the ice they use, as all sorts of diseases may be communicated by this medium, but no directions governing the selection of ice are given. In order that the public welfare may be conserved the Washington Evening News presents a few general rules for the guidance of ice purchasers.

The best ice is always cold, and sometimes a slight moisture may be observed upon the surface; it is devoid of smell, and will melt when exposed to a temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit. Ice made of water is most desirable; it should be transparent, or nearly so, and should break into fragments when given a sharp blow. Tough ice that will not break is generally adulterated. Avoid soft ice, or ice that has been subjected to excessive heat while under process of manufacture. It sometimes presents a fine appearance but is unhealthy. Ice more than three days old should not be purchased as it is liable to turn sour on your hands and will have to be thrown away. After having melted ice loses many of its virtues and should not be used. It should always be kept in a cool place and at a distance from gas fixtures to avoid explosions.

A Reminder of Rome.

In a London drawing-room recently the hostess said to a comfortable-looking lady, the widow of a wealthy Midland manufacturer, who had been touring during the winter in the sunny south: "Of course, you went to Rome, dear Mrs. Dash?" "Rome!" replied the widow, vaguely and meditatively, "did we go to Rome, Ethel?"—to her daughter this. "Yes, ma, you know we did, that big place where I bought those lovely silk stockings."

The Bed of the Pacific.

If the Pacific could be laid bare we should have a most singular spectacle. There would be a number of mountains with truncated tops scattered over it, and those mountains would have an appearance just the reverse of that presented by the mountains we see on the shore. The mountains on the shore are covered with vegetation at their bases, while their tops are barren or covered with snow, but these mountains would be perfectly bare at their bases and all round their tops they would be covered with beautiful vegetation of coral polypi.

Dublin Castle Etiquette.

The etiquette maintained by the Lord Lieutenant in the viceregal court is illustrated by an incident which is described by Mr. Balthus in an article in the Idler. The writer was seated in the drawing room of Dublin castle, when the door suddenly opened, and a tall, singularly handsome, well-groomed young man in morning dress entered the room. Upon his appearance Hon. Mrs. Henniker and her sister Lady Fitzgerald, and the remaining ladies and gentlemen present rose to their feet, for this was his usual mode of salutation. Not only did Mrs. Henniker and Lady Fitzgerald always rise upon their brother's entrance into the room, but it is further of every lady, to courtesy to him profoundly on leaving the luncheon table.

CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT, SEPTEMBER 3, 1893.

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LICENSING GAMBLING.

There is much being said in favor of, and in opposition to, licensing gambling in Sacramento. It is all nonsense for the authorities of any town or city of any prominence to think they can stop gambling. It cannot be done, and the next best thing to do, is to license it and make it pay criminal expenses entailed on the taxpayers through the practice. We are a nation of gamblers, from the faro table down to the Church grab bag and oaks raffle, and we will always be gamblers in a greater or less degree, and those who hold up their hands in holy horror at the idea of licensing gambling will ship about a Church Fair and sell \$1 tickets for the raffle of an article that is not worth 35 cents, and think that their efforts in that line of gambling is meeting the approval of the Almighty.

Jerry Simpson of Kansas has announced his intention of introducing during the next session of Congress a resolution that is likely to cause a sensation. He will propose that the United States acquire by purchase all the British possessions in North America. He argues that the Canadians are so anxious to become citizens of the United States that they would be willing to contribute a portion of the purchase money. Jerry is a "bird."

Henry A. Cummings, Assistant Treasurer of the Southern Pacific Company, died suddenly of apoplexy in San Francisco on Monday. He passed his younger days in Sacramento, where he was highly esteemed. He had been in the employ of the Company many years, and was very prominent in Masonic circles, being at the time of his death a Knights Templar and a Mystic Shriner.

The Duke of Veragua forgot to settle a number of his private bills before leaving Chicago. His creditors are now trying to fold them on the government entertainment fund. Many of these bills the auditor has disallowed. Livermen, men's furnishing dealers and others are the victims. The bill for the great farewell dinner given by the Duke before leaving Chicago is still unpaid.

Representative Geary, of California, author of the Chinese exclusion act, called on Secretary Greenham and urged him to enforce the law with the small amount of money on hand for that purpose. It is understood that Geary received very little satisfaction. Secretary Greenham adhered in his view as to the present policy of the Administration in the matter.

Chicago will have much besides the World's Fair to remember '93 by. She has had more disastrous fires this year than any other place in the country—lost only in the loss of property, but loss of life. On the night of the 24th ult. South Chicago had a big fire which consumed 131 residences and two churches, entailing a loss of half million dollars.

The most discussed novel of the year in London and New York, "The Heavenly Twins," introduced at length in the Argonaut of September 4th. The element that has brought the book into prominence is its frankness and originality in discussing matrimony and the right of people to marry, and these views the Argonaut quotes verbatim.

On Sunday last the U. S. Steamer Kearsarge left New York towing the Monitor Mantaquet, bound for Wilmington, N. C., which they should have reached on Monday, but up to Wednesday nothing had been heard of them. It is feared they were in the great tornado that visited the Atlantic coast at that time. The Kearsarge had a crew of 140 men.

Mrs. Frank Reinhardt, a widow of St. Paul, Minn., has learned that she is an heir, if not the only heir, to an estate in India, valued at \$25,000,000. In this case "beware of the widows" won't count.

The cholera is steadily progressing through Europe. The California State Board of Health has commenced a quarantine of suspected emigrants before they cross the State line.

It is said that Blount was recalled home to run as Cleveland's candidate for Governor of Georgia. Perhaps his hauling down the American flag at Honolulu will be a recommendation to the people of that State.

The great international races for the America's cup is to come off on the 5th of October.

M. E. Curtis, the actor, has been acquitted of the murder of Officer Grant, formerly of Bodie.

Richard Heach, charged with the McWhirter murder, has given \$75,000 bail for his appearance at his next trial at Fresno.

NOT HALF PROSPECTED.

For the past thirty years they have had at the very doors of the people of Mono county some of the most valuable quarries of marble, onyx and travertine in the world, and no one knew it until very recently, when W. E. Lindsey, a skilled marble worker, came among us and discovered the great marble deposit in Antelope Valley; and within the past month he came to Bridgeport and in prospecting about the Hot Springs, half a mile from town, and where our townsmen have been chasing cattle, picnicing, bathing, etc., for many years, he became the fortunate discoverer of an immense body of onyx, etc., as above stated, and of which we have given an item on our local page. This is good evidence that our people have not half prospected Mono county, and do not know what we have in these everlasting hills.

The Ward mine on Green Creek, only 8 miles from Bridgeport, was only recently discovered, and it is coming to the front as a valuable gold mine, and yet it has lain all these years without our people dreaming that such riches were under the roots of the grasses their cattle were picking from the hillsides. It would be well for prospectors to look for other valuable besides gold and silver. With all the prospecting that has been done in Mono county we know not what we have in this section in the matter of minerals, precious stones, etc.

PURE WATER.

Sitarianism is taking a back seat in Sacramento. Its people are becoming modernized and crawling out of the old rut where in they have seemingly been "happy and content" since the "days of gold and the days of old." She has electric lights and cars, better streets, more modern edifices, and has discarded her unsightly wooden awnings and porticoes, and on Saturday last her people, by a large majority, voted in favor of supplying the city with pure water, the last, but best, of her enterprises. In earlier days, when the river water was more pure, "Sacramento straight" was considered a pretty good and wholesome beverage, but since the upper cities and towns have emptied their sewerage into it, Sacramento have not taken it quite so "straight," and we congratulate the people of the Capital City, that the spirit of enterprise has made it possible for the average Sacramento to be content with a "nightcap" of pure water, and not be obliged to betake himself to the nearest "side entrance" for a morning "cocktail." There is no denying the fact that the want of pure wholesome water has been a great drawback to Sacramento, keeping her in the rear of her sister cities of the State. The little Capitol removal scare is proving beneficial to our "old lore."

REFELED.

The vote on the Wilson bill, to repeal the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, was taken in the House on Monday. Almost every member was present, and the galleries and lobbies were crowded with interested spectators. Bland offered his amendment for free coinage at a ratio of 16 to 1, but it was defeated by 124 to 226, of which 101 Dem., 12 Rep., and 11 Pop. voted for, and 116 Dem., and 110 Rep. against.

Other amendments were offered for free coinage at different ratios and all defeated by large majorities. Caminetti, Cannon, Bowers and Geary voted for Bland's amendment, and Hilborn and Loud voted against it. The Wilson bill was then passed by a vote of 239 to 110.

McMillan, of Tennessee, showed himself a better American than Bland, by offering an amendment for the free coinage of the product of the silver mines of the United States. It is singular that the California delegation could not be united on this great question. The program is for the Senate to pigeon-hole the Wilson bill and pass the Voorhees bill and send it to the House, which will pass it.

John Shirley, a veteran of war, who lives in Bristol, Ontario county, N. Y., has had his pension cut off. He is totally disabled and the small amount which the government has been paying him has barely supported him. He had no other income. To prevent him from starving to death Shirley has been taken to the asylum of Ovid.

These are times in which it is well for people not to stint themselves. A little liberality practiced by all will ease the situation considerably. Fresno Republican.

"No hab got, how can do?" How can a fellow be liberal if he has nothing to be liberal with. The whole country is in that fix. It may be well for newspaper men, who always have lots of money, to be liberal, but how can the common herd "do those things?"

The Democracy used to talk a great deal about "Third terms" when it was proposed to run Grant the third time, but it makes a difference whether it is a Republican or Democratic or that is being gored. The Iowa Dems. have trotted out Boies for the "third term"—but it is not likely he will get there again.

NEW TO-DAY.

WOLVERINE SALOON AND BILLIARD PARLORS,
CORNER OF MAIN AND SINCLAIR STREETS, BRIDGEPORT.

The SALOON and PARLORS have been refitted, and the BAR is stocked with the BEST OF LIQUORS, WINES, and CIGARS and will be conducted first-class.

224-1 STEWART KIRKWOOD, Proprietor.

ADVICE TO SHEEPHERDS.

A correspondent, "One who Knows," writes to the Sacramento Record-Union as follows. It is good advice:

It has been advised by some commission men of San Francisco that sheep men do not shear their sheep this Fall. This is a mistaken idea, under the present conditions. Should the present state of uncertainty as to values continue until next Spring, sheep allowed to carry their wool until that time would collect more or less burrs and seeds and scab in the wool. With the market in the same conditions as now, and the extraordinarily low price, free Oregon and Territory wools would beat us out of sight.

Defective California wools will command so low a price next Spring that they will hardly be worth shearing. Hence, shear your sheep this Fall, thus giving you a good clean wool in the Spring, when it may be necessary to have a pretty good article to command any price at all.

It is going to be more necessary than ever for sheep men to keep their wool free of burrs and seed if they expect to find a market for it.

There is a determined effort being made toward dress reform for ladies. Conventions discuss the subject and dress reform ideas. This is all for the female portion of creation, and man is left in his bondage without a thought for the amelioration of his suffering. Says the San Bernardino Courier. What we need is a dress reform for man. He wants a divided skirt, that is, a skirt divided and the tail laid away among the rags. There is no need of a tail to a skirt, however pathetic Hood's tale of a shirt may sound, for it is a burden and is always getting up his back and working its way out where it is neither useful nor ornamental. It hunches up and looks as though he had warts on his back. It is hot in Summer and, when first put on, cold in Winter. A man's drawers, too, are awkward. Nothing has been yet invented to keep them in place. They will get down to your knees in spite of you, and then you have to rush down after them, and after tugging away for dear life you bring up—not the drawers but the shirt tail. What a man wants is a remedy. Cut off the obtrusive and useless shirt tail and have simply a shirt waist, and have your wife sew buttons on the band and button your drawers to it. In this way you make both ends meet and get an equal distribution of the weight. Have plenty of buttons, that while some are off part of the time all are not off all the time. Fresno Republican.

A Texas statistician announces that the population of the world, estimated 1,400,000,000, if divided in families of five, could be accommodated in Texas, each family with a five acre lot. He says there would be 50,000,000 lots left over for parks and public buildings.

The Deaver Evening Post, the only Cleveland paper in Colorado, has a suspended publication.

LEGAL.

ELECTION NOTICE.

SCHOOL TAX.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE QUALIFIED electors of said District, County of Mono, State of California, that an election will be held on the

10TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1893, at which will be submitted the question of voting a tax to raise money for the purpose of repairing school houses, and for the employment of an assistant teacher.

It will be necessary to raise, for this purpose the sum of \$500.

The polls will be open, at the School House from sunrise until 5 o'clock P. M.

The Ballots at said Election shall contain the words: "Tax-Yes," or "Tax-No."

The Judges appointed to conduct the election are: A. J. Sever, R. M. Folger, L. D. Laird, M. M. WATZKE, JAMES PINNAN, C. M. STEWART, District School Trustees.

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE MINERS' WATCHMAKER, FRANK,
HAS LOCATED AT
BRIDGEPORT.

For the Season.
CLOCKS, WATCHES, SEWING MACHINES, AND MUSIC BOXES
put in first class order, and warranted for one year. No work warranted against dirt or injury sustained by letting them fall.

G. B. MAINS.
All work left with Joe A. Brown will receive prompt attention.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FINE RANCH FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS HIS FINE RANCH FOR SALE.

It is situated at the head of Antelope Valley, Mono County, California, and consists of 160 acres of first-class orchard and garden lands. It will cut 30 tons of hay. There are 300 year-old apple trees, also blackberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, etc., on it. It is well irrigated by a ditch belonging to the ranch.

Any one wanting a good home and farm, can have further particulars by addressing

W. T. BARNES,
2126 Coleville, Mono County, California.

ANTELOPE & BRIDGEPORT TOLL ROAD.

Is in first-class condition and the Shortest and Best Route to and from CARSON.

OTTO LARSON,
Lessee.

HOMER E OSBORN,

GENERAL BROKER IN

Merchandise, Fire, Life and

Accident Insurance

510 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

MEDICAL.



Mrs. M. F. Bone

"I Was a Wreck"

With catarrh, lung trouble and generally broken down. Before I had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I felt better. Now I am in

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
good health, for all of which my thanks are due to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. M. F. Bone, Clover, Iron Co., Mo. Get Hood's

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. A. R. LOOSE,

ASSAYER AND

METALLURGIST.

BODIE, CALIFORNIA.

CHARLES L. HAYES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND

D. STRICT ATTORNEY.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

FRANK P. WILLARD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

BODIE, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

Water Rights, Land and Mining Legislation a specialty.

WAKER

AT LAW,

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County, Cal

Courts of California

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CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, SEPTEMBER 2, 1893.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

PERSONAL.

Judge W. H. Virden, having been met by his wife at Carson, returned on Monday from San Francisco, where he had a successful operation performed on his eye. He can distinguish objects at a short distance off, and has hopes he may regain the sight in his injured eye in due time. He is free from pain, and returned in good spirits.

John H. Sheehan was up from Clinton on Monday.

F. Conway was in from Sweetwater on Monday.

Miss Mary Hector, of Bodie, came over on Monday, the guest of the Bryans.

Mrs. James Edmonston, mother of Mrs. David Hays, and her son, Lee Edmonston and wife and child, and George Bowen, arrived on Monday from Sonora to visit Mrs. Hays.

Frank P. Willard came over from Bodie on Tuesday evening.

Ed Whittemore has recovered from his late accident and is on the road again, driving his stage.

Supervisor Nay was in town on Wednesday.

Willie Butler, with Nay's big team, arrived from Carson on Wednesday.

D. McPhail, of Bodie, has been here most of the week.

Harvey Day, left for San Francisco on yesterday's Antelope stage.

Mrs. W. Reading and Mrs. Chas. Donnelly passed through town early in the week en route for the World's Fair via Sonora and San Francisco.

Mrs. Hauger, who recently visited Bridgeport with the Hawthorne camping party, has been granted a divorce by Judge Rising, at Hawthorne, and she is to teach the Fish Valley school.

Dr. Keables was over from Bodie on Wednesday.

Surveyor Garrard is in town.

W. Badley was here last night from Antelope.

Miss Rita McAlpin returned to her Bodie home yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Chas. Day.

H. A. Parmeter arrived from Sacramento on Tuesday to visit his parents.

CHANGE OF TIME.—Large petitions have been forwarded to the Postmaster General, from the citizens of Bridgeport, Bodie and Lundy, asking for a change of time in the departure of the mails from Hawthorne to this place, to leave Hawthorne on the arrival of the train, instead of allowing the mail to remain in that place until 5 o'clock next morning. The change will merely make the time agree with the original schedule time under which the contract was let, but which was changed by the Department at the request of the sub-contractor for his personal benefit. The change, if made, will give the people of Lundy their mails 24 hours earlier, and Bodie and Bridgeport twelve hours earlier.

DISAGREED.—The jury, in the trespass case of Rickey vs. Turner, came into Court after hours of consultation last Saturday afternoon and informed Justice Fales that there was no possibility of reaching a verdict, notwithstanding it would have taken only nine votes to have reached that desirable end. There has been considerable hard talk about the jurors receiving no pay for their week's work, because they did not reach a verdict. If our laws do not allow jurors in civil cases compensation unless they bring in a verdict, it is time they were amended. The law should not compel a man to act as a juror to settle disputes between private individuals without compensation.

MONS DRUNK.—There were drunken Indians about town again on Thursday night. The granite quarries at Folsom State Prison are in order for the men furnishing the Prutes with whisky. The reward of the Supervisors should be an incentive for the ferreting out of the person or persons giving them liquor.

JUDD.—Sheriff Hays has two Sonora Indians in jail, arrested Thursday night while drunk and disorderly. One had a bottle of liquor in his bosom and one in his hand, and a dirk knife on him. Where did he get the liquor?

HAY.—The mountains have presented a hazy appearance this week, and on Thursday and yesterday the big hills on the West were almost obscured, there evidently being a big forest fire somewhere in the range.

MORE DWELLINGS.—Three new dwellings will be added to our town before snow flies. The starting up of the sawmill by Hawks & Co. has been a beneficial event for Bridgeport.

NO MAIL.—No mail was received here by Thursday's Bodie stage. There was a screw loose somewhere, as the papers of the date we should have received that night were read in Hawthorne before the mail left there.

PATENT.—The plat of the Star mine, in the Patterson District, has been posted on the mine, an application having been made for a U. S. Patent.

COURT CALENDAR.—Judge Virden will call the Superior Court Calendar on Monday morning next.

A CHANCE.—Stewart Kirkwood has leased Simmons' Wolverine Saloon. See advertisement.

ONYX AND TRAVERTINE.

The location recently made by W. E. Ludgey, of an onyx ledge at Hot Springs, half a mile from Bridgeport, is of more importance than we supposed it to be, although a valuable find under any circumstances; but Mr. Lindsey has discovered his location abounds not only in onyx, but that there is an inexhaustible body of Travertine, and Mr. Lindsey, who has been in the marble business for thirty years, believes it to be the only deposit of Travertine in the United States.

Travertine is the strongest and most lasting building material on the face of the earth. A large proportion of the most splendid edifices of ancient and modern Rome are built of Travertine.

It consists of monoliths and can be quarried with common appliances. Its structure is spheroidal and cannot be split with appliances which split marble and granite.

It must be sawed or worked with mallet and chisel. This Bridgeport formation consists of five molds, the oldest being 40 feet at the base 16 feet high and 1,500 feet long. Mr. Lindsey can quarry pieces 18 feet in length and about six in width. It is beautiful when polished, Mr. Lindsey having a number of polished samples of his valuable find. On Monday he went to Carson, carrying a beautiful spheroidal piece 13 inches square, and weighing 220 pounds. He has some beautifully polished specimens of onyx, of which he has located a fine body in the same vicinity. In referring to this find some of our contemporaries have shown an inexcusable ignorance of the geography of their section of country this side of the mountains, when they mention Bridgeport as being in Inyo county.

Mr. Lindsey tells us that the marble of Antelope Valley in Mono county is the finest in the world. We only need a railroad through Mono county to make these quarries a perfect beehive of industry, as there is enough Travertine here to build all the public buildings in the country, as well as residences for our millionaires, and sufficient onyx for ornamental purposes.

Bodieite Killed.

A telegram to the Examiner states that Fred. A. Fulmore, formerly of Bodie, was shot and killed at Vanderbilt, on Tuesday by a man named Dave Stevens, during a dispute over wages. Fulmore was unarmed. Stevens fired five shots. Fifty miners are pursuing the murderer, who has little show to escape, and if caught he will be lynched. Fulmore was a native of New York and about 56 years old.

THE SCHOOL.—The Bridgeport School will open for the term on Monday, September 11th, under Miss Z. Hayden, of Bodie, principal, and Miss T. Barnes, of Carson, assistant. The school room has been partitioned for the use of the primary department, under Miss Barnes' tuition.

DIVORCE.—On Thursday Judge Virden granted a divorce to Daniel McPhail, of Bodie, from his wife.

GONE.—Russell's and Dotan's big teams left for Carson this week via Hot Springs, where they loaded with wool.

One of the steps of Senator Rickey met with a peculiar and painful accident one day last week. While playing in the library, he fell against a book-case, shattering the door and running a silver of glass in his side. The wound was an inch deep and fully two inches long. Dr. Lee thought there was no glass in the wound and the little fellow is getting along nicely. So says the Carson News.

Auction Sale.

A. F. Bryant will sell at public auction on this Saturday evening, Sept. 2, a very general assortment of Clothing, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes, etc. Now is your time to get bargains.

SEVENTH

ANNUAL FAIR,

AGRICULTURAL DISTRICT

NO. 18,

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

WILL BE HELD AT

Bishop, Inyo County, California,

September 19, 20, 21 and 22, 1893.



Royal Baking Powder
A cream of tartar baking powder.
Highest of all in leavening strength.—Largest United States Government Food Report.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
105 Wall St., N. Y.

USE OF LEMONS.

I was informed the other day that lemons would keep an indefinite length of time if placed in sour milk or water. This is a recipe, however, which I shall not try since the time of year has arrived when I do not care to keep my lemons. Indeed, the faster I can use them, the better for my family. We need their healthful acid to counteract the excess of fats which have, for caloric, been consumed—more, doubtless, than have been assimilated. Why now good the weary, long-tried liver with blue pills when lemons are supplied in profusion? Surely they are the products of the soil where dwell the most bilious people. Pater familias is suffering from biliousness, therefore I throw physic (blue pills) to the dogs, and they, wise creatures, will not touch it—giving in its stead lemon tea, or hot lemonade.

The excess of bile is thus summarily destroyed and perchance a fever routed. Malaria threatens another member of the family. I forthwith prepare the "Roman" cure, which is nothing more than lemons, rind and pulp, cut up in water and boiled down to a pint. Dose, one tea-spoonful before a meal. Though sour enough to give a marble bust a wry face, pharmacists claim that it has cured cases so stubborn that quinine had no more effect than sugar or salt.

Perhaps the little three year old shows symptoms of a severe cold. I shall nip it in the bud by fire warmth and hot lemonade. If she is hoarse I shall bake a lemon some twenty minutes and squeeze therefrom the hot juice upon a half cup of granulated sugar. The pleasant and palatable syrup thus formed will avert that most-to-be-dreaded croup. Nothing better can I find to impede a threatened pneumonia attack upon myself. The remnants of some of my lemons I shall give to Biddy to rub her hands with after the weekly washing, thereby preventing the chapping which she so much dreads. Clean rind pieces left from cooking I shall place in a glass jar, covering with alcohol, thereby manufacturing a superior quality of lemon essence. As a breakfast appetizer I shall remove the rind and pith from three lemons, then slice thin and throw with powdered sugar.—Philadelphia Times

Jackrabbits are dying off from some disease in Washoe Valley.

SWINGING AROUND THE CIRCLE.

Of the diseases to which it is adapted with the best results, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family medicine, comprehensive in its scope, has never been thrust upon public attention in the guise of a universal panacea for bodily ills. This claim, daily arrogated in the columns of the daily press by the proprietors of medicines far inferior to it as specifics, has in a thousand instances disgusted the public in advance by its absurdity, and the prospects of other remedies of superior qualities have been handicapped by the pretensions of their worthless predecessors. But the American people know, because they have verified the fact by the most trying tests, that the Bitters possesses the virtues of a real specific in cases of malarial and liver disorder, constipation, nervous, rheumatic, stomach and kidney trouble. What it does it does thoroughly, and mainly for this reason it is indorsed and recommended by hosts of respectable medical men.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

TICKETS

TO
Eastern Cities
AND SOUTH BY THE
Southern Pacific Company.

RENO.

H. L. FIELD, Agent.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE secured, and full information regarding Transcontinental Routes furnished on application. By corresponding with Mr. FIELD, parties can arrange to join the Semi-Monthly Family Excursions over the Sunset Route.

Orders sold at Lowest Rates for tickets for passage from Europe and Eastern Cities to any point in the Pacific States and Territories. These Orders, if not used, will be redeemed at the full amount paid therefor.

RICH DORAY, Gen. Traffic Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

RAILROAD LANDS

For Lands in Central and Northern California, Oregon, Nevada and Utah, apply to or address W. H. MILLS, Land Agent, C. P. R. R. SAN FRANCISCO.

For Lands in Southern California, apply to or address JEROME MADDEN, Land Agent, S. P. R. R. SAN FRANCISCO.

\$9 TO GENOA.

FAST TIME
AND
CHEAP FARE.

**WHITTEMORE'S
BRIDGEPORT
LINE.**

Carrying the United States Mail.

Leaves BRIDGEPORT at 6 A. M. on

MONDAYS,
WEDNESDAYS
and FRIDAYS for
Coleville, Topaz and
Hobbrooks,
CONNECTING WITH STAGES FOR
Genoa and Carson.

MARTIN'S STAGE

Leaves GENOA.
(On ARRIVAL OF STAGES from CARSON)

MONDAYS,
WEDNESDAYS,
and FRIDAYS,
Connecting at HOLBROOK'S,
on above days, for

TOPAZ, COLEVILLE
and BRIDGEPORT.

\$9 TO GENOA.

ROUND TRIP—\$5 00.

**BRIDGEPORT AND
BODIE STAGE LINE,**

Carrying the Mail and Express.
Connecting with the HAWTHORNE Stage.

Leaves Bridgeport every morning, except Sunday, at SIX o'clock—returning in the afternoon, Connecting with the

ANTELOPE STAGE LINE for CARSON on
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS.

BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, ETC.
taken to Bodie at reasonable rates.
WILLIAM H. ADAIR, Proprietor.

**EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL
ROAD.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the

EAST WALKER RIVER WAGON ROAD are as follows:
Loaded team..... \$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals..... 1 00
Each additional pair of animals..... 50
Horseman..... 25
Pack animals, each..... 25
Hogs and sheep, each..... 10
Loose stock, each..... 5
Empty teams, half-price.

**BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE TOLL
ROAD.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the
BIG MEADOWS AND BODIE WAGON ROAD are as follows:

No deadheads will be permitted to pass on the road.
All tolls will be required to be paid at the time of passing the toll gates, as no credit is given.
Loaded team..... \$1 50
Loaded wagon and two animals..... 1 00
Each additional pair of animals..... 50
Horseman..... 25
Pack animals, each..... 25
Hogs and sheep, each..... 10
Loose stock, each..... 5
Empty teams half-price.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FRESH AND

GENERAL

ASSORTMENT OF THE BEST

OF GOODS

AT THE

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

D. HAYS & BRO.

CHEAP CASH STORE

AT THE

POSTOFFICE BUILDING,

BRIDGEPORT.

EVERY DESCRIPTION

OF GOODS

REDUCED TO

BEDROCK PRICES.

A. F. BRYANT.

JOE A. BROWN,

General Merchandise,
Main Street, Bridgeport.

Choice Family Groceries,

Fancy and Toilet Articles,

Candles and Nuts

Yankee Notions,

Powder, shot, Caps and
Cartridges,
Stationery, etc., etc.



LOWEST RATES